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BUNNY *and* BEAR BOOK



Laura Rountree Smith





F. Stearns

THE BUNNY AND BEAR BOOK

Books by
**LAURA ROUNTREE
SMITH**

Bunny and Bear Book, The
Bunny Boy and Grizzly Bear
Bunny Bright Eyes
Bunny Cotton-Tail Junior
Candy-Shop Cotton-Tails, The
Children's Favorite Stories
Circus Book, The
Circus Cotton-Tails, The
Cotton-Tail First Reader, The
Cotton-Tail Primer, The
Cotton-Tails in Toyland, The
Drills and Plays for Patriotic Days
Games and Plays
Hawk-Eye, An Indian Story Reader
Language Lessons from Every Land
Little Bear
Little Eskimo
Merry Little Cotton-Tails, The
Mother Goose Stories
Primary Song Book
Roly-Poly Book, The
Runaway Bunny, The
Seventeen Little Bears
Snubby Nose and Tippy Toes
Tale of Bunny Cotton-Tail, The
Three Little Cotton-Tails

Published by
**A. FLANAGAN COMPANY
CHICAGO**

THE BUNNY
AND
BEAR BOOK

BY

LAURA ROUNTREE SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY

DOROTHY DULIN

AND

FRED STEARNS

1923

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY

CHICAGO

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"Father Bear and Mr. Teddy Bear met in the path" (Page 39)

TELLING STORIES

If you are a bear or rabbit,
Do not form the crying habit;
You will find out by and by,
It's better far to laugh than cry.

The Seventeen Little Bears lived in a wee house in the woods. One evening they sat on their seventeen little stools by the fire.

They said:

“How long shall we have to wait?
Uncle Grizzly is very late!”

“Rap-a-tap,” sounded on the door. In came the milkman. Next the postman passed by. Then in came the grocer boy.

Would Uncle Grizzly never come?

Uncle Grizzly was a story-teller. The Seventeen Little Bears loved him dearly. They loved to hear stories, too.

The Seventeen Little Bears grew tired waiting. They said they hoped Uncle Grizzly would come soon.

The Seventeen Little Bears all said together:

“Uncle Grizzly, funny bear,
It’s hard to wait, we declare!”

One little bear was so sleepy he fell off his stool. Another little bear was so cross he grumbled and grumbled. The third little bear took out his pocket handkerchief and began to cry softly.

Soon the Seventeen Little Bears were all crying softly into their seventeen little pocket handkerchiefs.

Father Bear was full of fun. He looked in at the door and said:

“If I tried for years and years,
I could not pay for all your tears;
Seventeen handkerchiefs, oh my!
It will take them long to dry!”

The Seventeen Little Bears had not thought about that.

They stopped crying at once.

They all liked to have nice, clean handkerchiefs. So they said, “When may we wash and dry our seventeen little handkerchiefs?”

Father Bear smiled and said:

“Dry your eyes, but have a care,
Do not wake dear Baby Bear;
But remember now, my dears,
I do not pay for any tears!”

The Seventeen Little Bears made such a noise that Baby Bear woke up and cried and cried and cried!

All the little bears tried to amuse Baby Bear. But he only cried harder and harder!

The Seventeen Little Bears forgot that Uncle Grizzly was coming to tell them a story.

Suddenly a voice said:

“Baby Bear, please do be good!
Go to sleep as a baby should.”

There stood Uncle Grizzly in the doorway, smiling at them.

He took Baby Bear in his arms. Soon Baby Bear stopped crying.

The Seventeen Little Bears went back to their seventeen little stools. Mother and Father Bear went out to spend the evening.

Uncle Grizzly began to talk in a singsong kind of way. He said:



“Then he sat down in the red plush

“I’m very glad you dried your tears,
I’ve been a story-teller for years;
But I will tell you this, my dears,
I am not one bit fond of tears.”

Then he sat down in the red plush chair and put the baby in its cradle.

Baby Bear fell asleep. The Seventeen Little Bears sat on their seventeen little stools and whispered, “Uncle Grizzly, do please tell us a story.”

He said, “Shall I tell a true story or a fairy tale? Shall I tell an old story or a new story? Shall I tell a short story or a long story? Shall I tell a sad story or a glad story?”



chair and put the baby in its cradle”

Uncle Grizzly liked to tease the Seventeen Little Bears. He liked to hear them all laugh together. He said:

“With Bushy-Tail I rode away,
Long years ago on Circus Day.”

The Seventeen Little Bears forgot to be quiet. They shouted, “Don’t tell us about Bushy-Tail! He was a sly old fox and he always played tricks on us. Besides, Uncle Grizzly, we know that story almost by heart!”

Uncle Grizzly laughed until he shook, and said, “Then you want me to tell you a true story, and a new story, perhaps.”

Baby Bear woke up and cried and cried and cried.

Uncle Grizzly looked at Baby Bear over his spectacles. Then he looked at the Seventeen Little Bears over his spectacles.

They could not hear themselves speak for half an hour because Baby Bear cried so loudly.

When Baby Bear was quiet again, one of the Seventeen Little Bears said:

“Uncle Grizzly, whatever you do,
Please do tell us something new.”

Then Uncle Grizzly began, “Once upon a time—”

“Is it a fairy story?” shouted the first little bear.

“Is it a true story?” shouted the second little bear.

“Is it a new story?” cried the third little bear.

“Is it an old story?” asked the fourth little bear.

Uncle Grizzly looked at the Seventeen Little Bears over his spectacles.

He shook his old paw and said:

“I’ll have to come another night;
To interrupt is not polite!

I cannot talk in prose and rhyme,
When interrupted all the time."

Just then Father and Mother Bear came home.
Uncle Grizzly pulled out his watch and said:

"My watch tells a story; I think it said,
'Time to go home and time for bed.'"

The Seventeen Little Bears looked so disappointed that as Uncle Grizzly went out the door, he said:

"To-morrow night you need not wait;
I'll try to be on hand at eight."

The next evening Uncle Grizzly came in exactly on the stroke of eight.

The Seventeen Little Bears walked on tiptoe and talked in whispers and said, "Please tell us a story, Uncle Grizzly."

Then they climbed upon their little stools.

Uncle Grizzly looked at them over his spectacles and said:

"Seventeen tricks you'll have to do,
Before I get my breath, it's true."

"Tricks?" said the Seventeen Little Bears, looking at each other.

Then the first little bear stepped down from his stool and danced a pretty little dance. The second little bear joined him. The third little bear sang a song. The fourth little bear went through a dumb-bell drill. The fifth little bear blew soap bubbles. Indeed, every one of the 'Seventeen Little Bears did an interesting trick.

Uncle Grizzly said:

“Your tricks are fine in every way,
I'll come to-morrow, if you say;
It soon gets late, I've heard it said,
And nine o'clock is time for bed.”

In less time than it takes to tell it, Uncle Grizzly was off and away.

The Seventeen Little Bears said, “He did not tell us a story to-night, after all.”

THE STORY OF WRINKLES

Next evening Uncle Grizzly came in and sat down.

Then he told this story to the Seventeen Little Bears:—



"The fairy brought him a fine breakfast"

Wrinkles was a careless little bear. And my, but he was lazy! He lived with Grandpa Bear.

Now Grandpa Bear liked a clean house.

He often said:

“I see some dust upon the floor;
Go get the broom and sweep some more.”

But Wrinkles did not like to work. Once when Grandpa Bear was sick, that lazy little bear let the house get very dirty. At last Grandpa Bear sent for a fairy.

The fairy took Wrinkles to her own little house in the woods.

She showed him dishes stacked up on a table and said:

“To teach you something, I surely mean,
When you want to eat, wash dishes clean.”

The fairy went away and left Wrinkles in the house.

Wrinkles did not eat anything for a few days. Then he got so hungry he made a fire and heated some water. He stood on a stool and washed dishes.

He said:



"He rode home over the houses and trees"

"Here are dishes five-and-twenty;
It seems to me I've washed a-plenty."

Next he put the kitchen in order. The fairy then brought him a fine breakfast.

So it went on every day until Wrinkles had learned to work.

One day he said, "May I go home to Grandpa Bear?"

The fairy said, "You may ride home on a magic carpet, if you will sweep it clean."

My, how hard Wrinkles worked! How his little back and paws ached!

He had learned to work at last. He rode home over the houses and trees on the magic carpet.

All the way home he swept the carpet and sang merrily:

"Sweeping rugs is jolly fun,
When you happen to get done,
On a magic carpet ride,
There is room for you and me beside."

The Seventeen Little Bears liked the story of Wrinkles.

They cried, "Tell it again! Tell it again!"

Uncle Grizzly said:

"Fairy tales I tell to you,
And other stories partly true;
Wrinkles is a lively bear;
I sometimes see him, I declare."

The Seventeen Little Bears shouted, "May we

go with you to see Wrinkles and his magic carpet, Uncle Grizzly?"

Uncle Grizzly answered:

"To take you with me I may try,
But now I have to say good-bye."

He shook his paw at the Seventeen Little Bears. For they made so much noise he was afraid they would wake the baby again. Then he went away.

GOING TO SCHOOL

One morning the Seventeen Little Bears slept late in their seventeen little beds.

"Get up and dress," called Mother Bear.

The first little bear said, "I don't want to get up yet."



Too sleepy to get up

The second little bear said, "It seems too early to get up."

The third little bear said, "I don't want to go to school to-day."

A good-health fairy peeped in the window at this very minute and sang:

"The sun is up; don't lie a-bed;
Please do not be a sleepyhead."

The Seventeen Little Bears sprang up out of their seventeen little beds to see the fairy. She was peeping in at the window. When she saw they were up, she flew away.

They dressed in a hurry and went to breakfast. There were seventeen little bowls of oatmeal on the table waiting for them. There were seventeen spoons beside the oatmeal. The Seventeen Little Bears made a noise with their seventeen spoons.

Father Bear said:

"Little bears, you should be able
To eat quietly at table."

So the Seventeen Little Bears remembered their manners and ate more quietly. Soon breakfast was over and it was time for school.

“Ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, dong,”
Hear the merry school bell’s song;
Hurry, hurry! Do not wait,
Hurry, hurry! You’ll be late!

The Seventeen Little Bears heard the school bell ringing.

The first little bear said, “Where is my cap?”
He could not remember where he left anything.
The second little bear said, “Where is my coat?”
He always left his things around.



Mother Bear packed their dinner pails

The Seventeen Little Bears all set up a cry, "We forgot to pack our dinner pails. We shall all be late to school."

Mother Bear said:

"Do you like apples? Do you like bread?
I packed your lunch while you were in bed."

The Seventeen Little Bears felt ashamed that they had got up too late to pack their own dinner pails; for Mother Bear had so much work to do.

One by one, the Seventeen Little Bears kissed Mother Bear as they went out the door.

They said:

"We love you best, we do declare,
Dear old, queer old Mother Bear!"

The Seventeen Little Bears went to school, swinging their seventeen little pails to and fro. They ran along by twos and threes and met Bushy-Tail.

That sly old fox wished them good morning.

The Seventeen Little Bears said, "Good morning, Bushy-Tail. Are you going to school this morning?"

Bushy-Tail answered:

“I mind no time, I mind no rule;
I do not have to go to school.”

“Oh,” and “Ah,” cried the Seventeen Little Bears, clapping their little paws.

“Follow me,” said Bushy-Tail, “and I will teach you a new way to spell.”

The Seventeen Little Bears followed Bushy-Tail. They forgot all about going to school. They went with Bushy-Tail farther and farther into the deep woods.

Bushy-Tail said, “Come, I will give a penny to the best speller!”

The Seventeen Little Bears set down their seventeen little dinner pails and stood in a row to spell.

Bushy-Tail said:

“You’re on the way to school, I know;
Spell ‘picnic,’ please, before you go.”

The first little bear tried to spell the word, and the next little bear tried, and the next. Finally the sixteenth little bear spelled the word right and Bushy-Tail gave him a round, shining penny.

Bushy-Tail said:



"Carved it on another tree"

“Many secrets I could tell;
Here’s a new way to learn to spell!”

He went to a tree and carved the word “picnic” on the trunk. Then the first little bear carved it on another tree.

Bushy-Tail looked at the seventeen dinner pails. He wanted to steal the dinner pails.

He said:

“Let’s have a picnic here to-day,
I very soon must go away.
Open your dinner pails in a row;
We’ll have a picnic before we go.”

The Seventeen Little Bears opened their dinner pails. They said:

“We are rather stupid, as a rule,
But we learned something out of school.”

They kept saying over and over the word, “Picnic, picnic, picnic.”

Bushy-Tail said:

“At a picnic I always cry,
‘Please cut me a piece of pie.’ ”

So saying, he picked up the pie and ran off with it!

The Seventeen Little Bears felt something inside them hurt. They knew they should not have run away from school. They got out their seventeen little pocket handkerchiefs and cried and cried.

LOST IN THE WOODS

The Seventeen Little Bears took up their empty dinner pails and started home. They took the wrong path and only went deeper and deeper into the woods.

The old Owl called:

“The nights are dark and rather cool;
Mind your mother and go to school.”

The Seventeen Little Bears cried again into their seventeen little pocket handkerchiefs. They were still on the wrong path and they went still deeper into the woods.

They made a cozy bed of leaves and sang:

“Little bears should quiet keep,
When it is the time to sleep;
Stars are shining in the sky,
Breezes sing a lullaby.”



“Off they went to find the Seventeen Little Bears”

When they had fallen asleep, one of the bears woke all the rest by shouting in his sleep:

“There’s one good thing, I do declare!
We cannot wake up Baby Bear.”

That evening Mother Bear said, “Where are the Seventeen Little Bears?”

Father Bear said, “Why don’t they come home from school?”

Just then there came a note from the teacher. It said that the Seventeen Little Bears had not been in school that day.

“Absent from school,” said Mother Bear.

Father Bear said, “I am afraid they are lost in the woods. Let us go and find them.”

Baby Bear woke up and cried.

Father Bear lighted a lantern and Mother Bear

took the baby. Off they went to find the Seventeen Little Bears.

Baby Bear cried so hard that Mother Bear sang to him.

Mother Bear said, "I will scold the Seventeen Little Bears when I find them!"

Father Bear said, "I will whip the Seventeen Little Bears for running away from school!"

Mother and Father Bear found the Seventeen Little Bears fast asleep. Those two old bears were so happy that no harm had come to their children that they forgot to scold and whip the little bears.

The Seventeen Little Bears woke up and said, "We did not mean to run away. We did not mean to get lost in the woods! We did not know we should meet Bushy-Tail!"

Mother Bear said:

"We will go home to bed, and then
'Twill be time to get up again."

THE TWO BABY BEARS

The seventeenth little bear was busy morning, noon and night. He was busy making a fiddle.

He took an old cigar box and worked with a saw morning, noon and night. He made a little fiddle and a little bow. He put strings on the fiddle, and horse-hair on the bow.

He said, laughing:

“Here’s a tune; I’ll start in the middle;
Hurrah, hurrah for a home-made fiddle!”

Father Bear taught this little bear to play a real tune. It was Yankee Doodle. Soon the other bears began to call him Little Fiddler.

One morning the Seventeen Little Bears began to sneeze and cough and cry.

“Oh dear, oh dear, we’ve taken cold!
We feel so stiff, and queer, and old!”

Mother Bear said:

“If you feel stiff and old and queer,
You’ll have to rest in bed, I fear.”



"Got out his fiddle and began to play"

The Seventeen Little Bears asked, "Must we stay in bed all day?"

Mother Bear answered, "I am making red raspberry jam. You must stay in bed until I get it done."

Then the first little bear began to cry, and the second little bear began to cry. Soon all the bears were crying because they had to stay in bed.

Then Little Fiddler ran out and got his fiddle

and began to play Yankee Doodle. At once the other bears stopped crying.

Mother Bear said, "Who will take care of Baby Bear to-day? I cannot do it. I am making red raspberry jam."

The Seventeen Little Bears said, "We cannot take care of Baby Bear. We have to stay in bed."

Father Bear said:

"It is very plain, I do declare,
That I must take the baby bear."

Now Father Bear had to go to the post office to mail a letter.

He wheeled the baby in its carriage to the post office.

Mother Bear cried after him:

"Don't stop to talk upon the street
To any people that you meet;
Don't tell the baby's age or name;
To come home late would be a shame!
Don't leave the baby outside, please;
Try to remember things like these."

Mother Bear shouted so many directions that Father Bear ran down the street. He rolled the

baby carriage along so fast that he was soon out of sight.

Papa Bear went to the post office.

He came back and said, "I met a great many people on the street, and everyone stopped me to ask about Baby Bear! They asked me how old he is. They asked what his name is, and many other questions. I left Baby Bear only long enough to go into the post office and mail my letter."

Mother Bear looked at the baby carriage and set up a shout. Father Bear began to growl. The Seventeen Little Bears began to cry into their seventeen little pocket handkerchiefs.

Father Bear had brought home a strange baby bear in a strange baby carriage!

Mother Bear cried and cried.

"Oh, where is my little baby bear?" she sobbed.

Then Father Bear put on his hat and started out to find the lost baby bear. Mother Bear started out in another direction. She took Little Fiddler with her. She left the strange baby bear at home with the other little bears.



"Father Bear had brought home a strange baby bear"

That evening Bunny and Susan Cotton-Tail were sitting in their chairs by the fire. Bunny Cotton-Tail Junior was playing about the room, making a great clatter.

At last Bunny Junior said, "I hear a patter, patter, patter on the walk outside. Can it be Grandpa Grumbles or Uncle Grizzly?"

Bunny Cotton-Tail also heard the patter, patter, patter on the walk.

Susan was so deaf that she could not hear the patter.

The bunnies all went to the door. Outside the door they saw a baby carriage with a baby bear in it.

Said Susan, "It is very funny,
This is not a baby bunny.
By candlelight, I should declare
This is a cunning baby bear!"

Bunny Junior saw Bushy-Tail running away.

He said, "Bushy-Tail is playing a joke on us. I wonder whose baby bear this is?"

They took the baby bear indoors. He cried so long and loudly that Bunny Cotton-Tail said:

“You may think it rather funny,
But I prefer a baby bunny!”

Bunny Cotton-Tail gave the baby bear some milk. Susan held him; but still he cried and cried.

Bunny Cotton-Tail Junior said, “I will take the baby bear home.”

So he put on his little cap and sweater and started out with the baby bear. He stopped at every house and asked if a baby lived there. But he could not find the baby bear’s home.

At last the baby began to cry. He would not stop crying until Bunny Junior took him out of his carriage. Bunny Junior left the carriage in the woods. He carried the baby the rest of the way.

Soon Bunny Junior came to the home of the Grizzly Bears.

He rapped on the door and said:

“This baby bear is really lost;
Let’s get him home at any cost.”

Mrs. Grizzly Bear peeped out of the window and said very sleepily, “Thank you, Bunny Junior.”

Bunny Junior left the baby bear and went hop-pety-skippety off through the wood.

He said to himself, "I will get the baby carriage and go back with it."

But the baby carriage was gone. He could not find it anywhere. He ran home and told Susan Cotton-Tail.

Susan said, "Bushy-Tail must have been going through the wood! We must go out and hunt for the carriage."

She thought very hard for about a minute. Then she said, "Bunny Junior, are you sure you left the baby bear in the right home?"

Bunny Junior turned a somersault and said, "I don't know. I hope I did."

Some time later Bunny Cotton-Tail's telephone rang, "Ting-a-ling!"

Mrs. Grizzly was telephoning. She wanted to talk to Bunny Cotton-Tail.

She said:

"This morning when I was half awake,
A bear was left here by mistake."

"A bear, left by mistake?" repeated Bunny Cot-

ton-Tail. "I will come to your house at once."

Bunny Cotton-Tail left the telephone and put on his hat. Just then he heard a queer thumping noise on his front porch. He ran out and saw a red baby carriage standing empty upon the porch.

Bunny Junior shouted, "That must be the baby carriage I left in the wood when I carried the baby bear. Bushy-Tail has taken it and brought it back!"

The very next minute Mother Bear knocked at the door. Bunny Cotton-Tail let her in. She had



"And Bunny wheeled him"

Little Fiddler with her. He was carrying his fiddle.

She asked, "Have you seen a lost baby bear? We have lost ours!"

"Dear me! Was that your baby bear?" cried Bunny.

Then he told her how Bunny Junior had left the lost baby bear at Mrs. Grizzly's house. The minute Mother Bear saw the empty baby carriage she began to cry.

"Never mind," said Bunny. "We will go to Mrs. Grizzly's house, and we will take the empty baby carriage with us. We will soon have your baby!"

So away they went to Mrs. Grizzly's house. The way was long, and Little Fiddler grew tired. So they put him into the carriage, and Bunny wheeled him.

When they came to Mrs. Grizzly's house, she met them at the door.

She said to Bunny, "Now isn't this queer? After I had talked to you, Mr. Teddy Bear called me on the telephone. He said that he had lost his

baby bear. So I thought this baby bear was his. I had Mr. Grizzly carry it over to the Teddy Bears' house only a little while ago!"

Bunny was so surprised that he did not know what to do.

Mother Bear was so disappointed that she cried. Then she wheeled Little Fiddler back home.

There the strange baby bear was asleep in its own carriage.

She said to Father Bear, "Take this baby to the Teddy Bears' house and see if you can find our own baby bear!"

Papa Bear put on his best coat and hat and took the strange baby bear in the red carriage.

Mother Bear sat down in her little red rocking-chair and cried. She was lonesome without Baby Bear.

Father Bear wheeled the strange baby bear down the path. He stopped short in surprise. He saw Mr. Teddy Bear coming toward him, wheeling a baby bear.

Father Bear and Mr. Teddy Bear met in the path and looked at each other.

Then they laughed aloud and exclaimed together:

“This is odd, I do declare!
Did you lose a baby bear?”

Then Father Bear asked, “Did you leave your baby in its carriage in front of the post office?”

“Yes,” said Mr. Teddy Bear. “Did you leave your baby there, too?”

“Yes!” cried Father Bear. “We must have exchanged babies.”

“When I found I had the wrong baby,” said Mr. Teddy Bear. “I left it out on my front porch. I thought its parents might come along and take it. But Bushy-Tail must have stolen it.”

“Yes,” shouted Father Bear, “and he left it on Bunny Cotton-Tail’s front porch!”

Then Mr. Teddy Bear explained how he had borrowed a baby carriage to bring home Father Bear’s baby.

Father Bear asked, “Now how are we to tell the baby bears apart?”

Indeed, the baby bears looked as much alike as two peas.

Mr. Teddy Bear said:

“My baby laughs and laughs away,
And he is happy all the day.”

Father Bear said:

“To be good, I know he tries,
But my baby cries and cries.”

At this very minute one baby bear laughed and one baby bear cried. In this way the father bears knew their own babies. So they exchanged babies and went happily home.

THE BEARS AT SCHOOL

“Hurry, hurry!” said Mother Bear. “Hurry, or you will be late to school!”

The Seventeen Little Bears packed their seventeen little dinner pails and ran merrily toward school.

They met Bushy-Tail at the gate. He stopped and taught them this rhyme:

“Come, let’s learn a little rhyme;
Always start to school on time;
There’s no teacher anywhere
Who really loves a tardy bear!”



"Hung their dinner pails on a tree"

While they were still talking, the last bell rang for school. Bushy-Tail skipped away.

"We are late," cried the Seventeen Little Bears. "Bushy-Tail has played a trick on all of us!"

The Seventeen Little Bears were so late for school that it was lunch time when they got there.

They sat down and ate lunch from their seventeen little dinner pails. Then they hung up their dinner pails on the limb of a tree.

The teacher was absent; so Grandpa Grumbles came to take his place.

The Seventeen Little Bears were so pleased to see Grandpa Grumbles that they cried, "Hurrah,

hurrah!" It took an hour to get them in order.

Grandpa Grumbles said:

"I have to grumble, as like as not,
But there is one thing you forgot."

"I forgot to say 'Please,' " said the first little bear.

"I forgot to close the door," said the second little bear.

The rest of the little bears danced about and said they had forgotten something.

They started home, hanging on Grandpa Grumble's coat tails. Not one of them remembered their dinner pails.

MINDING THE BABIES

One Saturday night Bunny Cotton-Tail said, "My fur and whiskers, I am going to town!"

Susan Cotton-Tail said, "Bless my buttons, I am going to town, too!"

Bunny Cotton-Tail Junior said:

"I can keep house quite well indeed,
I will sit before the fire and read."

So away they went, leaving Bunny Junior alone.

“Rap-a-tap,” sounded on the door. There stood Father Bear.

Father Bear said, “Will you please take care of Baby Bear? I want to go to town.”

“Rap-a-tap,” sounded on the door.

Mr. Teddy Bear was there, and he said, “Will you please take care of my baby bear? I want to go to town this Saturday night.”

Bunny Junior nodded his head. The bears left their babies and went to town.

Bunny Junior said, “I am glad I like to take care of baby bears.”

He took one baby bear on one knee and one on the other. Then he sang to them.

Soon the baby bears began to cry for their fathers and mothers.

Bunny Junior got them a rattle, a ball, and a cart.

He got out all the toys he could find in the house. Still the baby bears cried and cried.

Bunny Junior trotted them on his knees and said:



"Trotted them on his knees"

"Ho, ho, for a bear in a pretty red gown!

We'll play, if you please, we are going to town."

The baby bears laughed as Bunny Junior trotted them on his knees. They liked to have him play with them.

Bunny Junior said, "I do hope Father Bear and Mr. Teddy Bear will know their baby bears apart when they get home!"

PLAY AND WORK

One day Father Bear said:

“My back is bad or else, I say,
I’d carry in some wood to-day.”

The Seventeen Little Bears got off their seventeen little stools.

They put on their seventeen little red caps and jackets.

They got out the Old Snow Shovel and shoveled a path to the woodshed.

They pretended they were fairies. They sang as they brought in the wood.

The Seventeen Little Bears filled the wood box in the twinkling of an eye.

The Old Snow Shovel called to them:

“I hope you’ll hang me in the shed;
I also like to go to bed;
I’ll wear a bright and smiling face,
If you will hang me in my place.”

The Seventeen Little Bears picked up the Old Snow Shovel and put it in the shed.



"The little bears filled the wood box"

They shouted, "Oh, oh, oh! See the beautiful crystals of snow!"

That same day, Grandpa Grumbles looked out of the window and said:

"Snow on the porch and on the walk!
I grumble faster than I can walk."

Just then he heard a sound. He heard sleigh bells.

He grumbled again:

"I hear the bells ring from a sleigh;
I can't have visitors to-day."

A sleigh came in sight. It stopped at Grandpa Grumbles' gate. Out jumped the Seventeen Little Bears. They took turns using the Old Snow Shovel.

Grandpa Grumbles was as pleased as could be,

though he grumbled away. He gave each of the Seventeen Little Bears a stick of peppermint candy when they came in to dry their paws.

At last the Seventeen Little Bears picked up the Old Snow Shovel. They jumped in the sleigh and were off.

Grandpa Grumbles looked after them and said to himself:

“My paths are shoveled, I declare,
But still I am a lonesome bear.”

BEDTIME STORIES

Next evening there was a knock at the door; and in walked Bushy-Tail.

The Seventeen Little Bears all cried, “Tell us a story! Please tell us a story, Bushy-Tail.”

Just then in came Uncle Grizzly.

The Seventeen Little Bears cried, “Hurrah, hurrah for the story-tellers!”

Bushy-Tail sat down in the best rocking-chair and began his story.

He said, “Once there were Seventeen Little



"Bushy-Tail began his story"

Bears who hung seventeen little dinner pails up in a row."

The Seventeen Little Bears clapped their paws and cried, "Hurrah, hurrah!"

Bushy-Tail said, "I know what is in the seventeen little dinner pails, and I am going to find them this very minute!"

Whisk! He was off and away!

The Seventeen Little Bears got out their seventeen little handkerchiefs.

Uncle Grizzly did not like to see them cry. So he said:

“You can be happy, if you try,
And laugh awhile instead of cry.”

The Seventeen Little Bears put their seventeen little pocket handkerchiefs away.

They said:

“Your advice we all will heed;
Thank you very much indeed;
We’ll be polite, we will not tease;
But tell us a story, if you please.”

Uncle Grizzly took the red rocking-chair that Bushy-Tail had been sitting in.

He said, “What kind of a story shall I tell?”

The first little bear said, “Tell us a Christmas story, please, Uncle Grizzly.”

The second little bear said, “Tell us a Thanksgiving story, please.”

The third little bear turned a somersault and said:

“Oh, Uncle Grizzly, whatever you do,
Tell us a story that’s really true!”

To this, Uncle Grizzly replied:

“One day I went down to the zoo,
So I can tell a story that is true.”

He continued, “I saw a bear down at the zoo holding ten loaves of bread.”

The Seventeen Little Bears laughed until they cried.

They shouted, “Go on, go on!”

Uncle Grizzly said, “I saw this bear pick up all the bread the keeper brought him. For he was afraid the other bears would eat his bread!”

He went on:

“I met my cousin, who is rare;
He is named the Spectacles Bear.”

Uncle Grizzly showed a picture of the Spectacles Bear. This bear had a circle of white around each eye. It made him look as though he wore spectacles.

Then Uncle Grizzly sent all the little bears to bed.

A THANKSGIVING STORY

One evening the Seventeen Little Bears begged Uncle Grizzly to tell them a Thanksgiving story.

He said, "Once upon a time I saw Susan Cotton-Tail and Mother Bear rolling out pies and cookies for Thanksgiving Day. All the time, Baby Bear stood watching them!"

Uncle Grizzly said:

"I have a sleigh. We can ride in it;
Let us go riding this very minute."

The Seventeen Little Bears shouted, "Hurrah, hurrah! That is a fine way to tell a story!"

They put on their seventeen little coats and caps.

They went with Uncle Grizzly to see Bunny and Susan Cotton-Tail.

On the way, the party met Grandpa Grumbles and his Umbrella. He was grumbling to himself. Uncle Grizzly invited him to go along with them. So he climbed into the sleigh.

As the sleigh bells jingled they sang:



"Making pies and cookies and pudding"

"Hurrah, hurrah! Hurrah for the sleigh!
Hurrah! Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!"

When they got to the Cotton-Tail home in the woods, they peeped in at the window.

Wouldn't you have liked to peep in at the window, too, and see what the Cotton-Tail family were doing?

There were Susan Cotton-Tail and Mother Bear

standing at the kitchen table. They were rolling out pies and cookies! And there stood Baby Bear watching them. It was just as Uncle Grizzly had told them in his Thanksgiving story!

Susan Cotton-Tail was calling to Bunny, "Bring me more sugar and spice. Bring me a little more butter."

She was making pies and cookies and pudding for Thanksgiving Day. She had to stand on a stool to reach the table.

Mother Bear was saying:

"Our cooking now we will begin,
With this useful rolling-pin."

For once Baby Bear did not cry. He was happy watching Bunny and Susan and Mother Bear.

Just then Susan looked up and saw faces at the window outside.

"Dear me, it is the Seventeen Little Bears!" she cried.

Into the room the Seventeen Little Bears came tumbling.

Uncle Grizzly and Grandpa Grumbles came last of all.



"Uncle Grizzly dressed up like a teacher"

"We have come to spend Thanksgiving!" they cried.

The Seventeen Little Bears shook the snow from their fur and whiskers.

Uncle Grizzly said:

"Some pretty rhymes now let us say;
Come, talk about Thanksgiving Day."

Grandpa Grumbles said:

"To hear some rhymes is very fine,
But I cannot recite a line."

Then the Seventeen Little Bears recited the rhymes they had learned in school.

Just for fun, Uncle Grizzly dressed like a school teacher and held a book.

He held the book upside down, while one little bear recited:

“How can I be thankful?” the turkey said.

“I am almost scared to go to bed!

I can be thankful, it is clear,

At any other time of year;

A turkey is in much demand,

This time of year, understand;

I really think I'll run away,

To keep our glad Thanksgiving Day.”

THANKSGIVING DAY

The Seventeen Little Bears were busy on Thanksgiving Day. They helped set the table and answer the doorbell.

My, but a great many animals were at that party! There were Bunny and Susan Cotton-Tail and Bunny Junior. There were Mother Bear, Father Bear, Baby Bear, and the Seventeen Little Bears.

Uncle Grizzly, Grandpa Grumbles, and Bushy-Tail were there, too. Besides, there were Snubby Nose and Tippy Toes and the Teddy Bears.

They had turkey for dinner and potatoes and cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie and plum pudding.

The Seventeen Little Bears cried, "Hurrah! Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!"

Grandpa Grumbles said, "Some animals have no Thanksgiving dinner!"

Bunny and Susan shook their heads sadly.

Snubby Nose and Tippy Toes danced up and down and said:

"Why don't we pack up something good
And take to the animals in the wood?"

No sooner said than done. The merry company packed baskets of good things to take to all the other animals.

They went off, singing:

"We're off and away! We're off and away,
To make some one happy on Thanksgiving Day!"

THE SNOW QUEEN

It began to snow again. It snowed all day and all night. All the animals stayed with the Teddy Bears.

Next day Grandpa Grumbles said, "We shall have to tunnel our way out."

Sure enough, the animals had to tunnel a way out of the snow; for it was piled up in great drifts.

Grandpa Grumbles said:

"Snow in our faces, snow on our toes;
We have to stand it, I suppose."

Uncle Grizzly said:

"A little snow we should not mind;
The little Snow Queen we may find."

"Who is the Snow Queen?" shouted the first little bear.

The second little bear shouted, "Ha, ha, ha! I have found a little blue shoe. It must belong to the Snow Queen."

The third little bear said, "I see some golden hair."



"He talked awhile to the Snow Queen"

They soon found the Snow Queen buried in the ice and snow.

Uncle Grizzly said:

"I would not dig her out, no, no!
Perhaps she likes the ice and snow."

The Seventeen Little Bears brought in the Snow



"Rode with Santa Claus and the reindeer

Queen and set her in a chair by the fire. Little Fiddler played the fiddle for her.

All the bears went to bed except Little Fiddler. He talked awhile to the Snow Queen, but she was fast asleep.

They sat by the fire, and the Snow Queen woke up.

The Snow Queen stretched her stiff arms and legs. She began to talk about Santa Claus.

She said:

"I hope that every little bear
Will hang his stocking up with care;



over the houses and trees"

We should be happy now because
It's almost time for Santa Claus."

The Snow Queen went on, "I hope Santa Claus will put me on top of a Christmas tree. How I should love to dance on top of a Christmas tree!"

Then the Snow Queen and Little Fiddler fell asleep beside the fire.

Little Fiddler had a wonderful dream. He dreamed all night of Santa Claus. He dreamed that he rode with Santa Claus and the reindeer over the houses and trees.

He dreamed that he heard Santa Claus call,

“Come, Dancer! Come, Prancer! Come, Whitefoot! Come, Lightfoot!”

It was a jolly ride. What tinkling sleigh bells!
What wonderful reindeer!

Just as they got up on the roof, Santa Claus said:

“Here’s a surprise, I do declare;
Here is a very little bear!”

Just then Little Fiddler woke and said, “What a wonderful dream!”

The Snow Queen slept on and on.

CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

The Seventeen Little Bears said to Mother Bear, “Please let us hang up our stockings! Santa Claus is coming!”

Then Mother Bear got out a basket of stockings for them. All the stockings had holes in them.

Mother Bear gave the little bears needles and thread.

The Seventeen Little Bears sat on their seven-



"He only mended away"

teen little stools and began to mend their stockings.

The first little bear said, "I pricked myself with the needle!"

The second little bear said, "I can't thread my needle."

The third little bear said, "I can't break my thread!"

Little Fiddler said nothing. He only mended away, working hardest of all.

The bears said to one another, "I wonder if all the Cotton-Tail family will hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve."

The Seventeen Little Bears wrote a letter to Santa Claus. It said, "Please bring us a pot of honey."

The Seventeen Little Bears said to their mother, "Bunny and Susan Cotton-Tail have no stockings to hang up on Christmas Eve!"

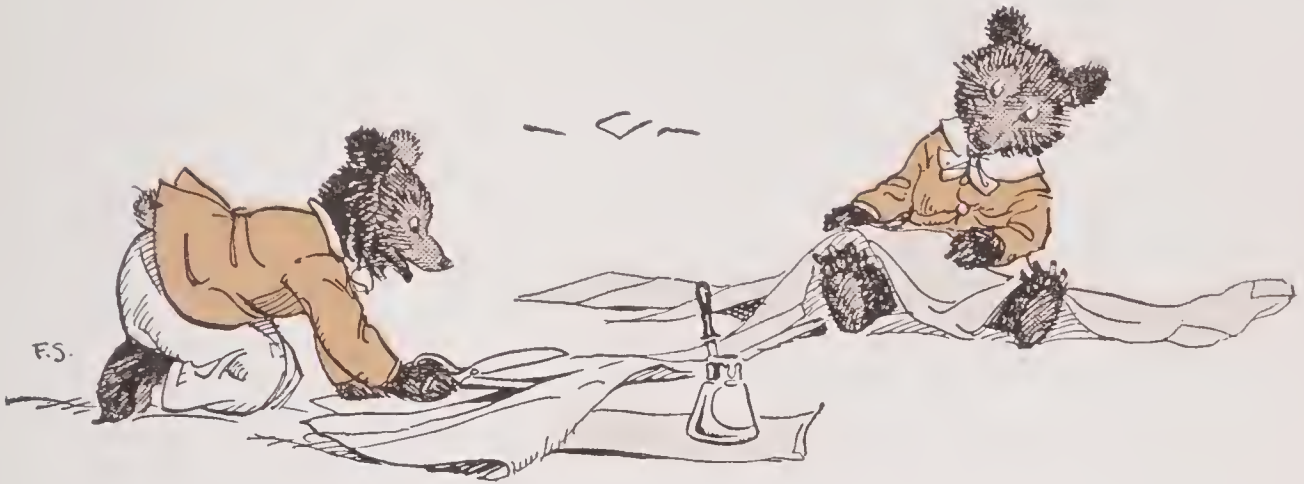
Mother Bear said, "Well, my dears, you may make them some paper stockings."

So the Seventeen Little Bears began to cut and paste some paper stockings for Bunny and Susan Cotton-Tail.

They also made a paper stocking for Bunny Junior, and one for Snubby Nose, and another for Tippy Toes.

When Snubby Nose and Tippy Toes received their stockings they hugged and kissed the little bears.

Then all the bunnies and bears hung up their stockings. They went early to bed on Christmas Eve.



"Began to cut and paste paper stockings"

They cried, "We forgot to make stockings for Uncle Grizzly and Grandpa Grumbles!"

While all the bunnies and bears slept, Bunny Cotton-Tail Junior crept downstairs. He helped fill the stockings. He put an apple in every stocking.

"Jingle, jingle, jingle," rang the sleigh bells.

"Patter, patter, patter," sounded the reindeer hoofs.

Santa Claus came with candy and toys.

Bunny Junior was so pleased to see Santa Claus that he danced on the tip of his toes.

Santa Claus said:

"I'll take a picture of you to-day,
Before I ride off in my sleigh."



"He helped fill the stockings"

Santa Claus took a picture of Bunny Junior and the stockings. Then he thanked Bunny Junior for helping him fill the stockings.

The Seventeen Little Bears woke up. Snubby Nose and Tippy Toes woke up.

Everybody cried, "Merry Christmas!"

Santa Claus rode off and away,
Singing, "Hurrah for Christmas Day!"

Over the houses the old sleigh flew,
Bursting with toys for me and you!

WANTED—A NAME

Little Bear was the youngest of the Seventeen Little Bears.

Mother Bear said, "What shall we call this little bear?"

Father Bear said, "We have not enough names to go round. He is very small. Let us just call him Little Bear."

One evening Little Bear was crying because he had no real name.

Curly Bear, his brother, had a name. Bushy-Tail, the sly fox, had a name.

Little Bear sat in his little red rocking chair, crying softly. The other bears had gone to bed.

The Rocking-chair began to talk as it rocked to and fro.

It said:

"To cry like this is just a shame;
Go to the woods and find a name."

Little Bear stopped crying and said:



“Sat in his little rocking-chair, crying softly”

“That is a fine thought, I declare!
Thank you, pretty Rocking-chair.”

Little Bear went hoppety-skippety off to the woods.

He said, “I may read a name off a signpost, or I may hear some one call out a new name.”

Little Bear saw a new name on a signpost. He saw the word “fire” on a signpost.

He said, “I will call myself a new name. I will call myself ‘Fire’!”

Little Bear saw the wise Old Owl, who called out, "Who? who? who?"

Little Bear drew himself up very tall and stood on tiptoe.

He said, "My name is Fire. I have a new name. Fire, Fire, Fire!"

Then the animals all came running.

They shouted, "Fire, fire! Where is the fire?"

Little Bear was so afraid that he ran right into a bonfire without seeing it, and burned his paws!

Little Bear cried and cried.

He said, "I do not like the name 'Fire,' after all."

Little Bear went home crying:

"I cannot help but cry because
I burned both of my little paws."

Curly Bear said:

"Here is a secret I will tell,
Let's kiss them both to make them well."

Little Bear still cried and cried.

Mother Bear said, "I do not like to hear you cry and cry. Let me bind up your paws, Little Bear."

So she bound up Little Bear's paws with flour. Soon they felt much better.



"She bound up Little Bear's paws"

Little Bear stopped crying. As he looked up in Mother Bear's face he said:

“You're a good mother, I do declare!
I'll try to be a good little bear.”

He said to himself, “I will go into the woods with Curly Bear to pick berries. Perhaps I shall hear of a good name while we are there.”

So Little Bear and Curly Bear took their buckets and went off to the woods.

LITTLE BEAR AND CURLY BEAR

Little Bear and Curly Bear
Sing a merry song;
Little Bear and Curly Bear
In the woods belong;
“Are you twins, as I've heard said?”
Cried the Wise Owl overhead.

Little Bear and Curly Bear
Carry buckets new;
Little Bear and Curly Bear
Look for berries, too;
The Wise Old Owl says, “It's a shame
You don't find a pretty name.”



The Owl asked, "Are you twins?"

Little Bear and Curly Bear
Look like Jack and Jill;
Little Bear and Curly Bear,
Going up the hill.
"I'll try to find a name for you,"
Says the Owl. "Tu-whit, tu-whoo."

A RAINY DAY

The rain began to fall. It fell patter, patter, patter on the leaves.

Uncle Grizzly sang:

“What indeed can be the matter?
Hear the rain go patter, patter.”

He invited Curly Bear and Little Bear to come under his umbrella. He said:

“My umbrella is big and wide;
There is room for three inside.”

Curly Bear and Little Bear came under Uncle Grizzly’s umbrella. Bunny and Susan and Snubby Nose and Tippy Toes came under it, too.

Then along came Grandpa Grumbles, waving his old green cotton Umbrella.

He shouted:

“I am a very lonely fellow;
Will no one share my big Umbrella?”

Bushy-Tail said, “I will share your Umbrella.”

He snatched Grandpa Grumble’s Umbrella and ran on ahead.

Grandpa Grumbles shook his paw at Bushy-Tail and cried:

“Bushy-Tail, you play such tricks,
I am in a sorry fix!”

Grandpa Grumbles' Umbrella floated away from Bushy-Tail. It flew right back into Grandpa Grumble's paws again! Bushy-Tail had forgotten that it was a magic Umbrella!

How hard it rained in the woods! All the animals got wet. By and by the sun came out, and they saw a rainbow.

Bushy-Tail told all the animals to sit in a circle. Then he made them a speech. He got up and waved his long beautiful tail.

He said:

“At the rainbow's end, I'm told,
We may find the pot of gold;
Though this story is quite old,
We may find the pot of gold.”

“Hear, hear!” shouted all the animals.

Bushy-Tail continued:

“Come with me, if you're my friends,
Come to where the rainbow ends!”



"Then he made them a speech"

Away ran all the animals toward the end of the rainbow.

The rainbow faded and faded.

The animals cried as they ran, "Shall we get to the rainbow's end in time to find the pot of gold?"

They all kept on running while the rainbow faded.

Grandpa Grumbles said:

"When you are old it is no fun
Out in the rain to run and run;
Though you may think it very funny,
I'd rather find a pot of honey!"

The rainbow faded so fast that the animals could not get to the end. So they did not find the pot of gold.

Grandpa Grumbles walked home with Uncle Grizzly and the Seventeen Little Bears and the Cotton-Tail family.

He said to them:

"I can't count money, as you know,
But I have moneybags in a row;
Let us forget the pot of gold;
I'll give you all your caps can hold!"

All the animals shouted; for not a single one of them wore a cap!

All the animals forgot about the pot of gold except Little Bear. After that, whenever he saw a rainbow, he always ran towards the end of it. The rainbow always faded so fast that he could not find the end.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

The animals often asked Little Bear, "What is your name?"

He always answered, "Little Bear."

But he did not like to be asked his name. One day he told the Wise Old Owl in the wood his trouble about his name. The Owl listened.

The Wise Old Owl said, "Do not cry!
You'll find a new name by and by;
But still this thing is very true,
The name may not belong to you!"

Little Bear cried and cried.

The other little bears said, "We must try to find you a name."

They all went out together and met Bushy-Tail. He said to Little Bear, "What is your name?" Then he said in a teasing way:

"Some names are very hard to spell,
Though you may like the names quite well.
Some names are hard to understand,
Like Marmaduke and Ferdinand!"

Little Bear cried harder than ever.

He said, "Oh, Bushy-Tail, you see
Those names do not belong to me."

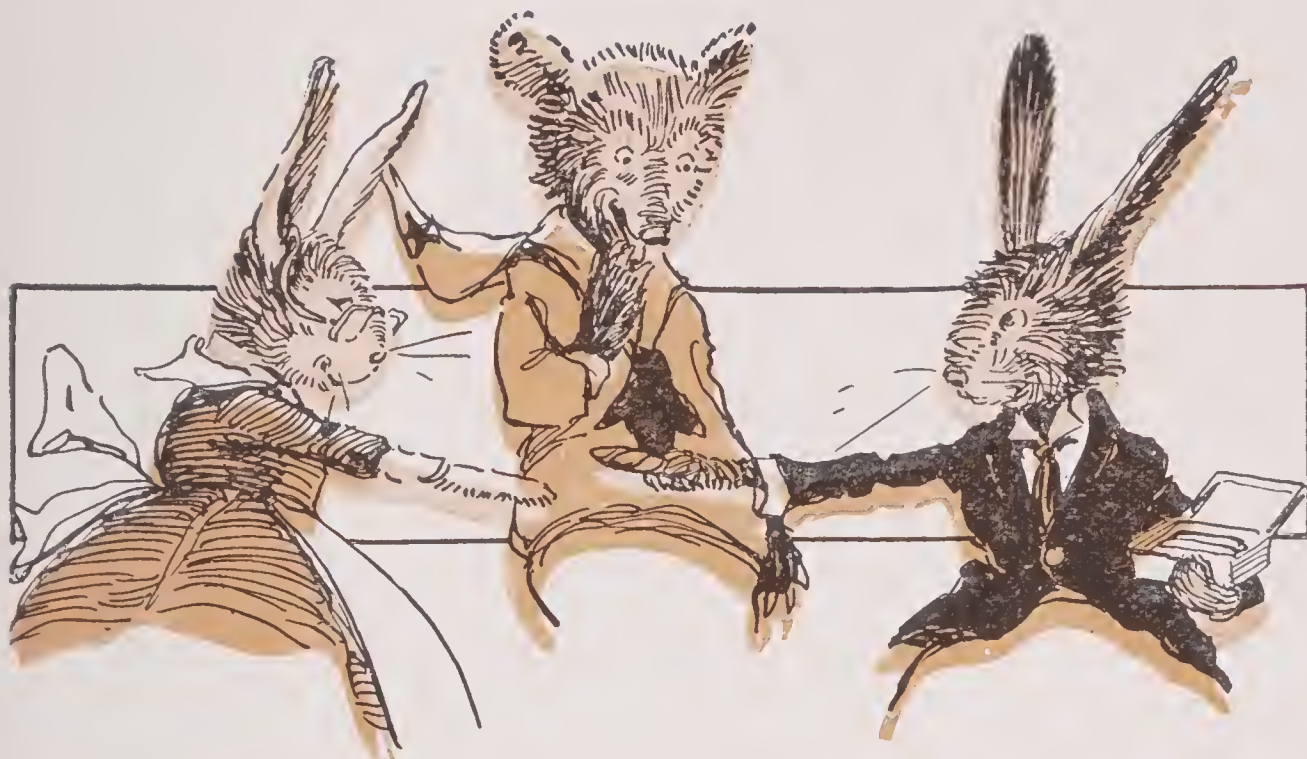
The other little bears said, "Never mind. Perhaps Bunny Cotton-Tail will give you a new name."

Little Bear ran off through the woods, still crying. Soon he met Susan Cotton-Tail.

Said Susan Cotton-Tail, "My dear,
Such crying now we seldom hear;
Be very careful what you do,
Or we may call you Little Boohoo."

Little Bear stopped crying at once. He did not want to be called, "Little Boohoo."

He said, "Dear Susan, before you ask it,
May I carry your market basket?"



"Took out a candy cigar for each one"

Susan Cotton-Tail smiled at him and replied:

"Ha, ha, ha! You have the habit
Of being polite, dear little rabbit."

Little Bear and Susan Cotton-Tail went merrily
homeward.

When they came into the Cotton-Tail house,
Bunny Cotton-Tail saw Little Bear.

Bunny said, "Hello! What is your name?"

Little Bear began to cry. He cried a whole
stream of tears before anyone could stop him.

Bunny said, "Please get my little red box,
Susan."

Susan got Bunny the box. He opened it and

took out a candy cigar for each one. They all ate their candy cigars.

Little Bear laughed because his was so good.

Susan whispered to Bunny, "Do not tease him about his name. He has no other name. He lives in the family of Seventeen Little Bears, and there were not enough names to go around!"

DING, DONG, BELL

Ding, dong, bell, ding, dong, bell,
Old Grizzly Bear has much to tell;
He says, "Ha, ha! In pleasant weather,
I'll call the animals together."

Ding, dong, bell, ding, dong, bell,
Ringing up and down the dell;
Old Grizzly Bear says, "I am told
That there may be no pot of gold."

Ding, dong, bell, ding, dong, bell,
Hear the deep tones as they swell;
Old Grizzly Bear says, "I'll explain:
We all should keep out of the rain."



"Old Grizzly Bear has much to tell"



"Poor Susan looked very sad"

SUSAN'S GLASSES

One day Susan Cotton-Tail could not find her glasses. Susan often lost her glasses when she put them down.

Poor Susan sat in her chair by the fire and looked very sad.

Bunny Cotton-Tail said, "I will look in the house for your glasses."

Little Bear said, "I will look outdoors for your glasses."

He looked in the yard and garden. He looked in the grass under the trees.

Where do you think Susan's glasses were?

They were in their case in her pocket all the time! She did not find them until she took out her handkerchief and began to sneeze.

Bunny Cotton-Tail said, "Where did you find your glasses, Susan?"

Susan said:

"It makes me think of Lucy Locket;
I found the glasses in my pocket!"

MAKING COOKIES

One day Susan Cotton-Tail said, "I shall make cookies today. What little bear or bunny would like to help me?"

"I will help you," said Bunny Cotton-Tail.

"I will help you," cried Little Bear.

Susan set to work with the rolling-pin and the cooky cutter. Bunny and Little Bear both helped her make the cookies. There was a great deal of fun in the kitchen.

Bunny said to Susan:

“How much sugar? How much flour?
I’ll mix them up in half an hour.”

Little Bear said, “Let me put on the sugar and the cinnamon, and a raisin in the middle of each cooky.”

Soon the cookies were all baked and Susan took them from the oven.

Just then Bushy-Tail peeped in at the window and saw them on the table.

He said, “I am going to print a newspaper of my own. Would anyone like to advertise in it?”

“Hurrah!” cried Susan. “When my glasses are lost, I will advertise for them.”

“Hurrah!” cried Little Bear. “I will advertise for a name.”

Suddenly Bushy-Tail leaned through the window and snatched the cookies from the table. He filled his pockets and ran away.



"They all began to sneeze and cough"

That bad fox chuckled as he said to himself:

"The Cotton-Tails I like to tease;
I like fine cookies, too, like these!"

When he was gone, Susan looked sadly at her pan of cookies.

She said, "Well, he left a few for us, after all! Come, let us sit down at the table and eat them."

So they all sat down at the table.

Bunny said, "How good the cookies look!"

He took a bite of a cooky. Then Susan took a bite of another cooky, and Little Bear took a bite of a third cooky.

They all began to sneeze and cough.

Bunny Cotton-Tail said as he wiped his eyes:

“Another bite I will not take;
Some one has made a sad mistake!
I really think, as like as not,
We got hold of the pepper pot!”

Little Bear had put pepper on the cookies instead of cinnamon! My, how the animals scolded!

Suddenly Bunny Cotton-Tail began to laugh. Then Susan and Little Bear began to laugh.

They all said, “Bushy-Tail will get a surprise, too. It was a good thing we put pepper on the cookies by mistake. Maybe it will cure him of stealing!”

They would have laughed harder if they could have seen Bushy-Tail. When he was safe in the woods, he took a cookie out of his pocket. He took a great bite out of it. Then he began to cough and sneeze and growl.

When he could stop sneezing, he shouted:

“Some jokes are not a bit of fun;
Here’s pepper instead of cinnamon!”

Bushy-Tail did not enjoy those cookies with pepper on them!

READING THE NEWS

Father Bear said, "Where is Little Bear?"

Mother Bear said, "Little Bear went to visit Bunny Cotton-Tail. He should be at home by this time."

The rest of the Seventeen Little Bears said, "We miss Little Bear more than we can say."

Father Bear said, "I hope Little Bear is not lost in the woods. I believe I shall go and look for Little Bear myself to-day."

The other little bears all jumped up and down and said, "May we go to the woods with you? May we help look for Little Bear?"

Father Bear nodded, and they all went and got their coats and caps.

Then Bushy-Tail came by, singing:

"A dillar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar;
Here's news, if you choose, for just one dollar."

He waved a newspaper. Father Bear took out a round, shining, silver dollar and handed it to Bushy-Tail.



"Bushy-Tail walked in"

Bushy-Tail handed the newspaper in at the window and shouted:

“If you’d know where Little Bear may be,
The newspaper tells; just look and see!”

Father Bear sat down in his armchair. He opened the newspaper and began to read.

He read, “Lost—Susan Cotton-Tail’s glasses. Five dollars reward.”

Next he read, “Found—one little bear at the home of Bunny Cotton-Tail.”

“Hurrah, hurrah!” cried the other little bears. “Let us go for Little Bear at once!”

Just then Bushy-Tail walked in at the doorway. He was a rude old fellow. He snatched the newspaper from Father Bear.

He shouted, “I want to read the newspaper myself!”

Then he ran off down the road.

Father Bear was very angry with Bushy-Tail.

He said, “What shall I do with this bad fox that runs off with my dollar and my newspaper?”

THE LOST SPECTACLES

Susan Cotton-Tail's spectacles were lost again. Poor Susan could not see at all without her spectacles. She lost them nearly every day.

She woke up very early one morning and found that they were gone.

She said:

“My spectacles are lost to-day;
- I fear they're very far away!”

The Cuckoo in the clock upon the wall came out and sang. It called “Cuckoo,” six times. So Susan Cotton-Tail knew it was really six o'clock, though she could not see the clock without her spectacles.

She thought she would get up and go downstairs.

So she started downstairs to find her lost spectacles. Poor Susan could not see well and she held on to the banister.

Susan Cotton-Tail went slowly downstairs. She wore her wrapper and nightcap.



"Susan went slowly downstairs"

Now Little Bear had got up early, too. He had run downstairs to look for Susan's spectacles.

He saw her coming downstairs.

He jumped up and down and cried, "Oh, Susan, I see your spectacles!"

Sure enough, there they were, pushed up on Susan's forehead! Little Bear ran upstairs and drew them down over her eyes. Then she could see very well.

Susan was so happy she kissed Little Bear. Little Bear was happy because he had found Susan's spectacles.

AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW

One day it had been raining. Then the sun came out and there was a rainbow.

Mother Bear said:

"I wish we had some one to send
For the pot of gold at the rainbow's end."

Father Bear said:

"For many years I have been told
About the rainbow pot of gold."



"Began to dig in their garden"

Little Bear said, "Look, oh look! The rainbow's end is in our own garden!"

Those funny bears went out with their spades and began to dig in their garden. They dug in the rain.

Father Bear dug a big hole.

Mother Bear dug a middle-sized hole.

Little Bear dug a little hole.

Father Bear got spots of mud on his new trousers.

Mother Bear got spots of mud on her apron. Little Bear got mud all over his new red suit.

They did not find the pot of gold that day.

But they got the garden all spaded up ready to plant.

Mother Bear said, "We had all this work for nothing."

Father Bear said:

"Now, my dear, I beg your pardon,
This is a good way to spade the garden!"



Little Bear found a dollar

IF I WERE A BEAR

If I were a bear, a little bear,
And found a dollar, I declare,
I should be as happy as I could be,
And my name would never trouble me.

If I were a little bear or bunny,
The things I'd do would be very funny;
And if I happened to find some money,
Perhaps I'd buy me a pot of honey.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Once upon a time the Seventeen Little Bears said to Grandpa Grumbles, "Tell us a fairy tale, please, Grandpa Grumbles."

Grandpa Grumbles answered, "Ask Uncle Grizzly. He tells fairy tales."

Uncle Grizzly was sitting in the corner. But he would not tell them a story.

Grandpa Grumbles saw he must tell the story.

So he began, "Once when I lived all alone in the woods I heard a tap, tap, tap, at the door.

"I opened my wee little door in the wood,
And who should walk in but Red Riding-hood!"

"Did Red Riding-hood really walk in?" asked the first little bear.

"Did Red Riding-hood wear a red cape and hood?" asked the second little bear.

Grandpa Grumbles said, "Who is telling this story? Who tells you not to interrupt? Who says to be polite?"

The Seventeen Little Bears shouted, "Grandpa Grumbles."



"There stood Little Red Riding-hood"

Just then they heard a gentle tap-tap-tapping at the door. There on the doorstep stood Little Red Riding-hood. She looked as though she had just stepped out of a fairy tale.

Red Riding-hood said, "How do you do?"

The Seventeen Little Bears were shy and said, "How do you do?"

Snubby Nose and Tippy Toes danced right up to her and said:

"We are Cotton-Tails. May we please ask it?
What do you carry in your basket?"

Red Riding-hood laughed and said, "I am carrying a basket of cakes to my grandmother. But I am tired. May I stay all night with you?"

You see, Red Riding-hood was very polite.

Little Bear said:

"I like your cape and hood of red;
You may sleep in my little bed.
I'll sleep on the rug upon the floor;
I've often done that thing before."

Little Red Riding-hood said, "I see so many bears I cannot count them all. What is your name, little bear?"



"Roasted an apple for Little Red Riding-hood"

Little Bear began to cry. He felt so bad that he had no name of his own.

Little Red Riding-hood gave Little Bear a cooky and a cake from her basket. Soon he forgot to cry.

That night all the little bears but Little Bear went to bed early. Mother and Father Bear also went to bed early.

Red Riding-hood said to Little Bear, "Are you going to bed now?"

Little Bear said:

"I will roast some apples first, you see,
Just one or two for you and me."

Little Red Riding-hood said:

"That will be fun! I do declare,
You are a cunning Little Bear."

Little Bear roasted an apple for Little Red Riding-hood. Then he roasted one for himself.

Curly Bear peeped in the door. He wanted an apple.

So Little Bear roasted one for him.

Then Little Red Riding-hood sat down with the bears and told them wonderful fairy tales.

RED RIDING-HOOD'S STORIES

Mother Bear wanted some cookies made.

Little Red Riding-hood said, "Little Bear and I will make you some cookies, Mother Bear. I will get the rolling-pin and start at once."

Little Bear said:



"Made cookies all the morning"

"To make good cookies I'll not fail;
I once helped Susan Cotton-Tail."

Little Red Riding-hood and Little Bear made cookies all the morning. Little Red Riding-hood made the finest cookies you ever tasted!

My, the cookies were a treat!
Very round and good to eat;
She sprinkled sugar, just for fun,
On the top of every one.

Bunny Cotton-Tail said, "My fur and whiskers, but those are good cookies!"

Susan Cotton-Tail said, "I think Red Riding-hood has been to cooking school. She knows so much about making cookies!"

Next day the Seventeen Little Bears begged for a story.

Snubby Nose and Tippy Toes soon came and they begged, too.

Little Red Riding-hood said, "I will tell you a true story."

The Seventeen Little Bears clapped their paws. Grandpa Grumbles and Grandpa Grizzly sat listening in the chimney corner. Snubby Nose and Tippy Toes danced up and down.

"Tell us your own true story, please," cried Little Bear.

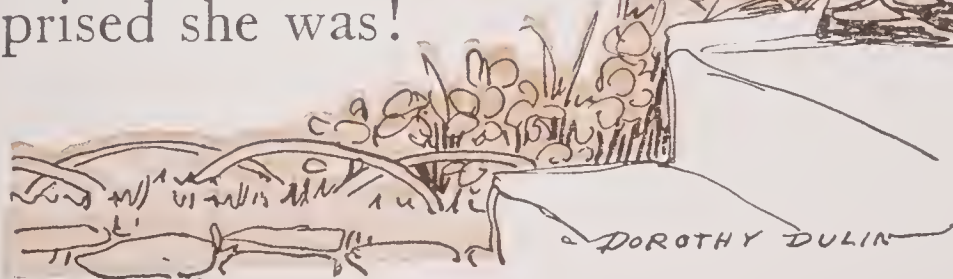
Little Red Riding-hood put on her red cape and hood. She filled her little basket with cookies and went outdoors. She knocked at the door and Little Bear let her in.

She was going to act out her own story when Snubby Nose cried, "You are at your grandmother's already!"

Tippy Toes shouted, "You are going to say,

'Grandmother, what long ears you have! Grandmother, what great eyes you have!'"

The Cotton-Tails surprised Red Riding-hood by telling her her own story. Just as they spoke of the wolf, Bushy-Tail jumped in at the window. He snatched the basket of cookies from Little Red Riding-hood and ran off with them before anyone could stop him. My, how surprised she was!



"She knocked at the door"

The Seventeen Little Bears were so disappointed that they cried.

“Never mind,” said Red Riding-hood, “I will tell you another story to-night. And Bushy-Tail shall not spoil it.”

That night Red Riding-hood said, “If the Seventeen Little Bears will get to bed in five minutes, I will tell them a bedtime tale.”

Up the stairs with a skip and a bound,
Up the stairs with a merry sound!
The little bears ran on ahead,
Off and away upstairs to bed.

When they were all in bed, Little Red Riding-hood began:

“A staircase story I will relate,
If your questions all will wait;
Just lie as still as a little mouse,
There is a staircase in every house.”

The Seventeen Little Bears lay very still.
Red Riding-hood went on:

“Here and there and everywhere,
A fairy lives beneath the stair.

“Once upon a time all the fairies were scolding.



"Up the stairs with a skip and a bound"

They did not want to be seen by children and animals. So they never came out from under the stairs until everybody was asleep. The children that stayed up late made it very hard for them.

“Little Boy Late-To-Bed and Little Grumpy Girl did not know that the fairies were waiting to come out from under the stairs. Little Bear Linger-Longer and Little Bunny Boohoo kept them waiting. Many other animals and children kept them waiting, too.

“At last the fairies decided on a plan.

“They said, ‘For awhile we will promise a present to every child who goes to bed on the stroke of eight. We will slip up and put the present under his pillow while he sleeps.’

“So one child found a nice new penny;
(The fairies have not very many.)
Another found a golden ring,
And round her bed the fairies sing.

“All the bears and bunnies and children love the fairies. They love to think of fairies who live under the staircase waiting to come out.

“They like to dream of fairies dancing up- and

down-stairs at night while children are dreaming.

“They like to look under their pillows in the morning to see if the fairies have left them a present!”

As Red Riding-hood’s voice grew lower and lower, the Seventeen Little Bears fell asleep. The Cotton-Tails fell asleep, too.

GOING TO TOWN

One day Mother Bear said, “I am going to town to buy a new sunbonnet. My old sunbonnet is nearly worn out.”

“May I go with you?” asked the first little bear.

“Let me go, too! Let me go, too!” said the second little bear.

The Seventeen Little Bears all cried, “Let me go! Let me go!”

Mother Bear said, “I will not take a single one of you to town with me to-day.”

All the little bears begged to go to town.

They made such a noise, my dears,
Mother Bear just boxed their ears;



"Mother Bear just boxed their ears"

Soon they all gave way to tears;
Mother Bear just boxed their ears.

Grandpa Grumbles was going by with his cotton Umbrella. He peeped in and said:

"What is the matter now, my dears?
I have not heard such noise in years!
You can learn lessons now like these;
To go with grown folk do not tease."

The Seventeen Little Bears were ashamed.

IN THE WOODS

One day Little Bear said, "I will go all alone to the woods. I will go all by myself and find a new name. I hope I shall not meet any animals in the woods to-day."

He said to himself, "If I meet any animals, I hope they will not ask my name."

The first animal he met was Bushy-Tail, who said, "Perhaps you'll get a name by mail!"

Then Bushy-Tail laughed very loudly. Little Bear went into the woods. He cried softly into his little red pocket handkerchief. Soon he met Silver King, a friendly old bear, who was talking to himself.

Silver King said proudly, "I am the old bear, Silver King."

Little Bear went on crying through the woods. He said:

"I am not to blame, and it is a shame
That no one gave me a real name."

Little Bear wondered when he should find a real

name. He went on and on into the deep woods. He followed a path until he saw a light twinkle. The light was in a window.

Little Bear knocked on the door. To his delight, Grandpa Grumbles stuck his head out of the window, shouting:

“Who knocks here, day or night?
Answer me, and be polite.”

Little Bear cried and howled. Some one always asked what his name was, and it made him very unhappy indeed.

Grandpa Grumbles came down and unlocked the door. He said:

“Some bears have called on me before,
Come in at the window, come in at the door.”

Little Bear never jumped in at the window like Bushy-Tail. He walked slowly in at the door, drying his eyes.

Grandpa Grumbles said:

“I have had visitors for years,
But I don't invite their tears;
When you come to visit me,
To be cheerful please agree.”



"Stuck his head out of the window"

Little Bear laughed at Grandpa Grumbles' funny rhymes.

He said, "Oh, Grandpa Grumbles, I will be very cheerful if you will let me stay and visit you awhile."

So Grandpa Grumbles let him stay. By and by Red Riding-hood came along. Grandpa Grumbles invited her to visit him. So she stayed, too.

MAKE-BELIEVE PEDDLERS

Oh, peddlers have such funny ways;
Upon them now we like to gaze.
With package large and package small,
They carry something for us all.
A jolly peddler has a pack;
He carries it upon his back.

Oh, peddlers, have you anywhere
A name for cunning Little Bear?
In packages so square or round,
We think a name is sometimes found;
Laces to sell, ribbons to sell!
The peddlers all talk very well.

Some peddlers come from far away;
They travel many miles a day;
While others come from very near,
And quite familiar they appear;
You must admit, this jolly pair
Look just like Ma and old Pa Bear!



"Peddlers have such funny ways"

PLAYTIME



Noisy Little Bear

“Oh, Little Bear, take care, take care!
You’re noisy in your play;
Oh, Little Bear, take care, take care!
You frolic every day.

“Oh, Little Bear, take care, take care!
Mind grandpa as you should;
Oh, Little Bear, take care, take care!”
Says Little Red Riding-hood.

“Be just as quiet as you are able,
And please don’t jump upon the table!”

GRANDPA GRUMBLES' VISITORS

Next morning, Grandpa Grumbles awoke early. He said:

“Rap-a-tap, rap-a-tap!
Who disturbs my morning nap?”

Grandpa Grumbles stuck his head out the window to see who his visitors might be. He saw some little tracks in the snow.

He said, “Those look like the tracks of the rest of the Seventeen Little Bears!”

Little Bear woke up and stuck his head out of the window. He saw the tracks in the snow, too.

He said, “I believe they are the tracks of the other little bears. Now, where can they be hiding?”

Little Red Riding-hood looked out of the window and said, “They do look like the tracks of the other little bears.”

Then she whispered to Little Bear; and she and Little Bear went hoppety-skippety downstairs. They went to get breakfast as a surprise for Grandpa Grumbles.



"He was very much surprised"

Little Bear said, "I can make coffee."

Little Red Riding-hood said, "I can make toast."

They made coffee and toast, and cooked oatmeal. They set a real breakfast table.

When Grandpa Grumbles came in, he was very much surprised to see breakfast ready on the table.

He said, "I am happy as can be;
Will you stay to dinner or to tea?"

Little Bear laughed and said, "We will stay to dinner, if you will let us get it, Grandpa Grumbles."

Little Red Riding-hood said, "We will stay to tea if you will let us get it for you, Grandpa Grumbles."

Grandpa Grumbles hugged Little Bear and Little Red Riding-hood in turn and said, "I should like to have you live with me a year and a day!"

Little Boohoo, the Cry-Baby Bunny, came to visit Grandpa Grumbles. Snubby Nose and Tippy Toes came, too.

Grandpa Grumbles said:

"Little Boohoo, to be cheerful try;
Don't you dare begin to cry!"

Little Boohoo was so surprised she did not cry. Little Bear hugged her and said:

"I'm looking for a new name, too;
We'll try to find a name for you."

Grandpa Grumbles said:

"Early to bed, early to bed!
Surprises wait for you, it is said;
Look under the pillow beneath your head,
Early to bed, early to bed!"

All the visitors went upstairs with a hop and a skip and a bound. They wanted to look under

their pillows. They liked Grandpa Grumbles' surprises. This time they found frosted cookies.

Said the visitors, every one,
"To visit Grandpa Grumbles is fun!"

Grandpa Grumbles said:

"Visitors should quiet keep;
We go to bed to go to sleep!"

THE GRAB BAG

One morning Susan Cotton-Tail said to Bunny, "Let us go to visit Grandpa Grumbles."

Bunny Cotton-Tail said, "My fur and whiskers, Susan! We just got home a little while ago. Do you really want to go away again?"

Susan said, "Grandpa Grumbles has a wonderful grab bag in his garret. It is so much fun to grab in the grab bag that I think about it day and night. I want to find a present in it."

Bunny Cotton-Tail said:

"If you will wait a week or so,
To Grandpa Grumbles' we will go."

But Susan did not want to wait a week or so.



"Found a bell in the grab bag"

She wanted to go at once. So Bunny agreed. Susan got out their traveling bag and began to pack. She made some cookies to take with them.

By and by they were ready to start. Away they went merrily through the woods. When they came to Grandpa Grumbles' house, they looked in at the window. There sat Grandpa Grumbles and his visitors, eating breakfast.

Now wasn't it funny? At this very moment Grandpa Grumbles was saying:

“In my garret on the wall
Is a present for us all;
To the grab bag on the shelf,
Each may go and help himself.”

Away ran the bunnies and bears to the garret
to find the grab bag.

Just then Bunny and Susan Cotton-Tail came
patter, patter, patter up the stairs.

When Grandpa Grumbles saw them, he said:

“Hurrah! I’m happy as can be!
Bunny and Susan I love to see.”

The bunnies and bears all grabbed out of the
wonderful grab bag. They had a merry time.

Little Bear said:

“I am very glad I came,
I wish that I could grab a name.”

Little Boohoo found a bell in the grab bag. On
the bell was tied the name Bonnie Bell.

She tied the bell on a ribbon round her neck.

She said, “I’ve found a new name. It is Bonnie
Bell!”

Little Bear did not find a new name. So he sat
in a corner and cried.

THE POT OF GOLD



"Kissed Grandpa Grumbles good-bye"

Little Red Riding-hood said, "I must say good-bye. I must go to visit my grandmother."

Little Red Riding-hood kissed Grandpa Grumbles good-bye, first on his right cheek and then on his left.

Little Bear said, "Good-bye, Grandpa Grumbles. I must go and find a new name."

Bunny and Susan said:

"We must go home and fix our fire;
Of sitting there we never tire."

Snubby Nose and Tippy Toes said:

"To come again we will surely try,
So, Grandpa, we will say good-bye."

Grandpa Grumbles replied:

"No visitors my house to share!
I am again a lonesome bear."

As his visitors left, he wiped his eyes and looked very sad.

Little Red Riding-hood and Little Bear started on their journey. Little Red Riding-hood was going to her grandmother's house, and Little Bear was hunting for a new name.

It had been raining. Soon the sun came out, and there was a beautiful rainbow. The rainbow seemed to end in a hollow tree.

"Let us find the end of it," said Little Red Riding-hood.

"Hurry, hurry!" said Little Bear.



"There was a beautiful rainbow"

They hurried to the end of the rainbow in the hollow tree. There they found the pot of gold!

In the bottom of the pot of gold was a surprise. There were written the words, "For Little Bear. His name is MISHE-MOKWA, the Great Bear."

"Hurrah! Hurrah for the pot of gold!" cried Little Red Riding-hood.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! for my new name!" cried Little Bear. "I am MISHE-MOKWA, the Great Bear! I have found my name and the pot of gold. Hurrah! I am as happy as can be!"

Little Red Riding-hood said, "All the animals will now call you the Great Bear because you found the pot of gold."

THE MAN IN THE MOON

Said Little Bear to the Man in the Moon,
"I shall be a Great Bear soon;
To the rainbow end I came;
There it was I found my name,"
Said the Man in the Moon, as he sang a tune,
"I am glad you found a name so soon."

LITTLE BEAR'S PARTY



"Old King Cole sent his fiddlers"

Little Bear gave a party. Mother and Father Bear and the Seventeen Little Bears invited all the bunnies and bears to the party. Little Red Riding-hood was there.

The party was held out under some large old trees. They hung Jack-O'Lanterns up for lights. Old King Cole sent his three jolly fiddlers.

They played a tune while the bunnies and bears danced.

All the guests said:

“Hurrah, hurrah! We’re glad we came;
Little Bear has found his name.”

They danced so hard that they were almost too tired to go home.

Old King Cole said:

“I forgot to give you warning;
Don’t dance till to-morrow morning!”

Little Red Riding-hood laughed; for she had danced so hard she had worn a hole in one of her little red slippers!

Little Bear had danced so hard he was all out of breath.

He and Little Red Riding-hood danced all the way home.

Little Bear now had so much money that he said he would travel all around the world.

“Take me with you,” said the first little bear.

“Take me with you,” said the second little bear.

The other little bears all begged to go with Little Bear around the world.



"Said he would travel all around the world"

He said, "We shall have to put on our thinking caps and decide where we will travel first."

Grandpa Grumbles peeped in the window. He had a suit-case all packed.

He shouted:

"I will go with you, I declare,
For I am a very lonesome bear;
Ha, ha, ha! Let's dance and run!
I never shall get my grumbling done."

Little Bear laughed and hugged Grandpa Grumbles.

Little Bear cried:

"Grandpa Grumbles, we're glad you came,
I am Little Bear with a new name."

"MISHE-MOKWA!" shouted the Seventeen Little Bears together.

Grandpa Grumbles waved his suit-case, for he was ready to start.

He cried:

"I'll call you Little Bear, just the same;
I have not time to learn your name!"

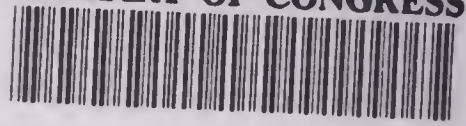
The Seventeen Little Bears stood in a row and laughed until they cried.





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